Dr. Talmage Prescribes for Those in Trouble.

Advises Them to Follow the Example of the Disciples, Who "Went and Told Jesus"-Comfort for the Bereaved.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington, June 17.

Dr. Talmage, who has finished his tour of England and Scotland, where thousands thronged to hear him wheresoever he preached, is now on his way to Norway and Russia, in which countries he is already well known through the publication of translations of his sermons. In the following discourse, which he has sent for publication this week, he gives a prescription for all anxiety and worriment and illustrates the Divine sympathy for all who are in any kind of struggle. The text is Mat-thew 14, 12: "And His disciples went and told Jesus."

An outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a re-vengeful woman King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self sacrificing prophet, John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenseless, There was no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear it, then the agonized soul will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos and at the same time a most admirable picture in the words of my text: "They went and told Jesus." He could understand all their grief, and He immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another shoulder is put under the other end of them. Here we find Christ, His brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears and violent gesticulations and wringing of hands and outery of bereavement, are expressing Raphael, with his skilled brush putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skillful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes: "They went and told Jesps."

The old Goths and Vandals once came down upon Italy from the north of Europe, and they upset the gardens, and they broke down the statues and swept away everything that was good and beautiful. So there is ever and anon in the history of all the sons and daughters of our race an incursion of rough-handed troubles that come to plunder and ransack and put to the torch all that men highly prize. There is no cave so deeply eleft into the mountains as to afford us shelter, and the foot of fleetest courser cannot bear us beyond pursuit. The arrows they put to the string fly with unerring dart until we fall pierced and stunned.

I feel that I bring to you a most appropriate message. I mean to bind up all your griefs into a bundle and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The prescription that cured the sorrow of the disc*ples will cure all your heartaches. I have read that when Godfrey and his army marched out to capture Jerusalem, as they came over the hills, at the first flash of the pinnacles of that beautiful city, the army that had marched in silence lifted a shout that made the earth tremble. Oh, you soldiers of Jesus Christ, marching on toward Heaven, I would that to-day, by some gleam from the palace of God's mercy and God's strength, you might be lifted into great rejoicing, and that as the prospect of its peace breaks on your enraptured gaze you might raise one glad hosanna to the Lord!

In the first place, I commend the behavior of these disciples to all burdened souls who are unpardoned. There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an erring nature. The thought may not have such heft as to fell him. It may be only ake the flash in an evening cloud just after a very hot summer day. One man to get rid of that impression will go to prayer, while another will stimulate himself by ardent spirits, and another man will dive deeper in sec-ularities. But sometimes a man cannot get rid of these impressions. fact is, when a man finds out that his eternity is poised upon a perfect uncertainty and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do some-thing violent to make himself forget where he stands or else fly for refuge.

Some of you crouch under a yoke, and you bite the dust, when this moment you might rise up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed as you have been by sin, go and tell Jesus. To relax the grip of death from your soul and plant your unshackled feet upon the golden throne, Christ let the tortures of the bloody mount transfix Him. With the beam of His own cross He will break down the door of your dungeon. From the thorns of His own crown He will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear on His wet cheek, in every gash of His side, in every long, blackening mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder, in the grave-shattering, Heavenshattering death groan, I hear Him say: "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

"Oh," but you say, "instead of cur-ing my wound, you want to make anwound-namely, that of convic-

CURE FOR ANXIETY. been rankling there, but by Divine grace it is burned out through these fires of conviction, "the flesh coming again as the flesh of a little child," "where sin abounded grace much more aboundeth." With the 10,000 unpardoned sins of your life, go and

> You will never get rid of your sins in any other way. And remember that the broad invitation which I extend to you will not always be extended. King Alfred, before modern timepieces were invented, used to divide the day into three parts, eight hours each, and then had three wax candles. By the time the first candle had burned to the socket eight hours had gone, and when the second candle had burned to the socket another eight hours had gone, and when all the three candles were gone out then the day had passed. Oh, that some of us, instead of calculating our days and nights and years by any earthly timepiece, might calculate them by the numbers of opportunities and mercies which are burning down and burning out, never to be relighted, lest at last we be amid the foolish virgins who cried: "Our lamps have gone

Again I commend the behavior of the disciples to all who are tempted. I have heard men in midlife say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation, it is because you have not tried to do right. A man hoppled and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain, but when he rises up and with determination resolves to snap the handcuffs or break the hopple, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten and twenty and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down with the stream and with the wind lying on your oars, but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide, and you will find it is a different matter. As long as we go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly, but if after awhile we turn around and head the other way, toward Christ and pardon and Heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You will have your temptation. You have one kind, you another, you another, not

one person escaping.

It is all folly for you to say to some one: "I could not be tempted as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with hook. The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phiegmatic temperament, and you say: "I suppose that man has not any temptation." Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and censoriousness and overeating and drinking, a temptation to ignore the great work of life, a temptation to lay decides the styles of temptation, but sanguine or lymphatic, you will have temptation. Satan has a grappling hook just fitted for your soul. A man never lives beyond the reach of temptation, You say when a man gets to be 70 or 80 years of age he is safe from satanic assault. You are very much mistaken. A man at 85 years of age has as many temptations as a man of 25. They are only different styles of temptation. Ask the aged Christian whether he is never assaulted of the powers of darkness. If you think you have conquered the power of temptation, you are very much mis-

No man gets through life without having a pommeling. Some slander comes after you, horned and husked and hoofed, to gore and trample you. And what are you to do? I tell you plainly that all who serve Christ must suffer persecution. It is the worst sign in the world for you to be able to say: "I have not an enemy in the world." A woe is pronounced in the Bible against the one of whom everybody speaks well. If you are at peace with all the world and everybody likes you and approves your work, it is be-cause you are an idler in the Lord's vineyard and are not doing your duty. All those who have served Christ, however eminent, all have been maltreated at some stage of their experience. You know it was so in the time of George Whitefield, when he stood and invited men into the kingdom of God. What did the learned Dr. Johnson say of him? He pronounced him a miserable mountebank How was it when Robert Hall stood and spoke as scarcely any unin-spired man ever did speak of the glories of Heaven? And as he stood Sabbath after Sabbath preaching on these themes his face kindled with glory. John Foster, a Christian man, said of this man: "Robert Hall is only acting, and the smile on his face John Wesley turned all England up-side down with Christian reform, and yet the punsters were after him, and yet the punsters were after him, and the meanest jokes in England were perpetrated about John Wesley. What is true of the pulpit is true of the pew; it is true of the street; it is true of the shop and the store. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. And I set it down as the very worst sign in all your Christian experience if you are, any of you, at peace with all the world. The religion of Christ is war. It is a challenge to "the world, the flesh and the devil," and if you will buckle on the whole armor of God you will find a great host disputing your path between this and Heaven.

But what are you to do when you are assaulted and slandered and

just have heard of it in other places. counsel you to another course While you are not to omit any oppor tunity of setting yourselves right, I want to tell you of one who had the hardest things said about him, whose sobriety was disputed, whose mission was scouted, whose companionship was denounced, who was pursued as a babe and spit upon as a man, who will have you go unto Him with your humble child prayer, saying: "I see Thy wounds—wounds of head, wounds of feet, wounds of heart. Now, look at my wounds and see what I have suffered and through what battles I am going, and I entreat Thee by those wounds of Thine to sympathize with ne." And He will sympathize, and He will help. Go and tell Jesus. Again, I commend the behavior of

the disciples to all the bereaved. How many in garb of mourning? How many emblems of sorrow you behold every-where? God has His own way of taking apart a family. We must get out of way for coming generations. We must get off the stage that others may come on, and for this reason there is a long procession reaching down all the time into the valley of shadows. This emigration from time into eternity is so vast an enterprise that we cannot understand it. Every hour we hear the clang of the sepulchral gate. The sod must be broken. The ground must be plowed for resurrection harvest. Eterpress our eyelids. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." This emigration from time into eternity keeps three-fourths of the families of the earth in desolation. The air is rent with farewells, and the black taseled vehicles of death rumble through every street. The body of the child that was folded so closely to the mother's heart is put away in the cold and the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip, and the rose scatters. The boy in the harvest field of Shunem says: "My head! My head!" And they carry him home to die on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedies of woe struck into the pallor of the cheek. Orphanage cries in vain for father and Oh, the grave is cruel! With teeth of stone it clutches for its prey. Between the closing gates of the sepulcher our hearts are mangled and

Is there any earthly solace? None. We come to the obsequies, we sit with the grief stricken, we talk pathetically to their soul; but soon the obsequies have passed, the carriages have left us at the door, the friends who staid for a few days are gone, and the heart sits in desolation listening for the little feet that will never again patter through the hall, or looking for the entrance of those who will never come again-sighing into the darkness-ever and anon coming across some book or garment or little shoe or picture that arouses former association, almost killing the heart. Long days and nights of suffering that wear out the spirit down an obstacle in the way of all and expunge the bright lines of life and good enterprises. The temperament give haggardness to the face and draw the flesh tight down over the cheek bone and draw dark lines under the sunken eye, and the hand is tremulous, and the voice is husky and uncertain, and the grief is wearing, grinding, accumulating, exhausting.

Now, what are such to do? Are they merely to look up into a brazen and un pitying sky? Are they to walk a blasted heath unfed of stream, unsheltered by overarching trees? Has God turned us out on the barren common to die? Oh, no! no! no! He has not. He comes with sympathy and kindness and love. He understands all our grief. He sees the height and depth and the length and the breadth of it. He is the only one that can fully sympathize. Go and tell Jesus. Sometimes when we have trouble we go to our friends and we explain it, and they try to sympathize; but they do not understand it. They cannot understand it. But Christ sees all over it and all through it. He not only counts the tears and records the groans, but before the tears started, before the groans began Christ saw the inmost hiding place of your sorrow, and He takes it, and He weighs it, and He measures it, and He pities it with an all absorbing pity. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Heart of our heart. Sorrow of our sorrow. As long as He remembers Lazarus' grave He will stand by you in the cemetery. As long as He remembers His own heartbreak He will stand by you in the laceration of your affections. When He forgets the footsore way, the sleepless nights, the weary body, the exhausted mind, the awful cross, the solemn grave, then He will forget you, but not until then.

Often when we were in trouble we sent for our friends, but they were far away; they could not get to us. wrote to them: "Come right away." or telegraphed: "Take the next train." They came at last, yet were a great while in coming or perhaps were too late. But Christ is always near-before you, behind you, within you. No mother ever threw her arms around her child with such warmth and ecstasy of affection as Christ has shown toward you. Close at hand-nearer than the staff upon which you lean, nearer than the cup you put to your lip, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away your tears—I preach Him an ever present, all sympathizing, compassionate Jesus. How can you stay away one moment from Him with your griefs?

Go now. Go and tell Jesus. It is often that our friends have no power to relieve us. They would very much like to do it, but they cannot disentangle our finances, they cannot cure our sickness and raise our dead, but glory be to God that He to whom the disciples went has all the power in Heaven and on earth, and at our call He will balk our calamities and at just the right time in the presence of an other wound—namely, that of conviction!" Have you never known a surgeon to come and find a chronic disease and then with sharp caustic burn it all out? So the grace of God comes to the old sors of sin. It has long a falsehood in one place 50 people will the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding have been in your life? Go out and hunt up the slanderer? Oh, no, silly man! While you are explaining away to the old sors of sin. It has long a falsehood in one place 50 people will the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a population of the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a population of the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a presounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a presounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding the right time in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding time in the right time in the rig

A Statistician has proved that the invention of the typewriter has given employment to 500,000 people, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs and dyspepsia it has induced. All people of sedentary occupation need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It helps nature to bear the strain which ensues from confinement and it is a wonderful medicine. No one realizes that more keenly than the man or woman who has been cured of stomach trouble by its use.

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"Save me!" she shrieks.

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"Are you sinking for the third time?" he

dear! I forgot to count! How of me!" Constance cries, in much

confusion.

Harold is as brave as a lion, truly, but he will scarcely risk violating what is perhaps the most cherished convention of romance.—Stray Stories.

mance.—Stray Stories.

Supreme Court Sustains the Foot-Ease

Trade-Mark.

Justice Laughlin, in Supreme Court, Buffalo, has ordered a permanent injunction, with costs, and a full accounting of sales, to issue against Paul B. Hudson, the manufacturer of the foot powder called "Dr. Clark's Foot Powder," and also against a retail dealer of Brooklyn, restraining them from making or selling the Dr. Clark's Foot Powder, which is declared, in the decision of the Court, an imitation and infringement of "Foot-Ease," the powder to shake into your shoes for tired, aching feet, now so largely advertised and sold all over the country. Allen S. Olmsted, of Le Roy, N. Y., is the owner of the trade-mark "Foot-Ease," and he is the first individual who ever advertised a foot powder extensively over the country. He will send a sample Free to anyone who writes him for it. The decision in this case upholds his trade-mark and renders all parties liable who fraudulently attempt to profit by the extensive "Foot-Ease" advertising, in placing upon the market a spurious and similar appearing preparation, labled and put up in envelopes and boxes like Foot-Ease. Similar suits will be brought against others who are now infringing on the Foot-Ease trade-mark and common law rights.

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